

SING ME TO SLEEP

MY

MOTHER.

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing, oh, sing me to sleep;
But why dost thou look so joyless?
Mother, oh, why dost thou weep?
They say the world above us,
Is brighter than this we leave;
'Tis there I am going, mother:
Then why, oh, why shouldst thou grieve?

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing, for I fain would go;
Thou knowest that I love thee, mother,
Then why art thou weeping so?
The angels are calling me, mother,
Those beings so radiant and bright;
Their voices are sweet, my mother,
Their robes are glowing with light.

Dost thou not hear them, mother?
They say to me: "mortal arise!
And we'll bear thee on wings of love
To our home beyond the bright skies!"
They say the earth is fair, mother,
Yet its flowers but bloom to decay;
And oh, 'tis eternal spring time
In the spirit-land, far away!

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing to me but once more,
Ere the spirit shall take its flight
To that purer world to soar.
I know there's a brighter world, mother
And I trust that world's for me —
Think gladly of me when I'm gone,
And in heaven, I'll watch o'er thee.

